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ANIMAL

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THE GIRAFFE

Who Loved

HATS

All the animals in the zoo loved something . . . the monkeys loved the peanuts which the children threw to them, the lion loved the red meat tossed to them by the zoo keeper every day, and the seals loved the deep pool where they cavorted to the great amusement of the spectators. But Gilly Giraffe was the delight of all the people of the zoo, animals and spectators alike, for Gilly Giraffe loved hats. Not just any kind of hat, mind you. They had to be ladies' hats, and with flowers on them. In fact, it was becoming quite a problem, this love Gilly had for flowered hats, for every time a lady passed by wearing one, Gilly would stretch her long neck over the bars and whisk the hat off the lady's head before she knew what had happened.

Hardly a day passed by that some lady didn't storm angrily into the zoo keeper's office and demand that her hat be retrieved from the giraffe's cage. And, as was most often the case, it was impossible to get it away from Gilly, so the zoo keeper had to pay the lady for the loss of her bonnet.

That is why the zoo keeper and all the men on the Board of Directors of the zoo, resolved that Gilly would have to be sent away, for, as they all agreed, she was becoming too expensive to keep, what with all the money being paid out for the hats she was eating.

Now, not only the directors of the zoo held a meeting, but all the animals too. For Gilly was really a favorite among them, despite her peculiar habits, and they were loathe to have her leave them.



"Really, Gilly," said the Old Baboon, "you must try to curb your habit of eating hats."

"It's getting you into serious trouble," agreed Leo Lion. "I myself heard them say they would send you away in a week."

Gilly flicked her ears and tossed her head. "Go see what she wants to say," said the Old Baboon to the littlest monkey. "It's very awkward Gilly's not being able to speak above a whisper. It takes so much longer to carry on a conversation," he whispered to the other animals.

The littlest monkey called down from her perch atop Gilly's head. "She says she can't help it. The flowers look so tasty."

"Well, something must be done," suggested the polar bear. "Suppose we muzzled her."

Gilly shook her head again, and the littlest monkey called down, "She wants to know how she'd eat?"

(Continued on inside back cover)

ALBERT and POGO

-by WALT KELLY-

LOOK OUT, POGO—AN' DEN
OO GIT DE LUNCH



ALBERT, YOU IS A
UNCULTURED BOOR
AN' IMPOLITE TO
BOOT



GO GIT DE LUNCH!
AN' DEN WE THRASHES
OUT DE QUESTION OF
MA CARRICATURE!

NO! AH WON'T
DO IT!



WHAT? DON'T TRY MA
PATIENCE,
BUTTON EYES,
AH'LL POOLAVORATE YO'

TRY IT' COME
ON— AH'LL
WHOP DE
DAYLIGHTS AN'
DE NIGHTLIGHTS
OUTEN YO'



PUT UP YOU' DOOKS!
FIT LIKE A MAN,
YO' POSSUM!

COME IN
TO ME,
BOY!

TAKE DAT AN' DAT AN'
DAT AN' DAT AN'
DAT AN' DAT—



AN' DAT!



WHOOOF!
CEASE DE
HOSTICKALTIES!



HA! YO
IS WHUPPED!

AH IS NOT! YO' PUNCH ME IN
DE SEEGAR! DATS A LOW BLOW!
YO FITS UNFAIR! AH IS
SWALLY DE SEEGAR!



TUT,
TUT,
TUT!

DON'T TRY TO BELITTLE
ME—AH IS DE SKEETER
WEIGHT CHAMPEEN OF
DE SWAMPLAND



ALSO YO' IS A PYROMANIAL—
AH IS A RAVIN' INFERNO
INSIDE!



MAN, MAN! YO' IS
A FOUR ALARM
CONFLAGORATION!



COME ON! WE GOTTA RUSH YO' TO DE FIRE DEPARTMENT!



HEY! HOLE ON! WHERE'S DE FIRE! ALL DISH RUSHIN' ROUND IS GITTIN' ME TIRED!

YOU IS INNER-FEARIN' WIF DE MESSENGER OF MERCY!

WHOOIE-AH IS DRY—MMM! AN' BESIDES, POGO, FIRE DEPARTMENTS WHICH IS WUTH DEY SALT ALLUS GOES TO DE FIRE, PERSONAL!



STOPPIN' A MAN FROM REPORTIN' A FIRE IS A PENAL OFFENSE PUNISHABLE BY DEATH AN' IMPRISONMENT!



LOOKY YERE, MISTAH BIG TALKIN' BLAB-BERMUSH—WHEN IT COME TO CRIMINALS YO' IS A SEVEN STAR JAIL-BIRD—YOU IS A FIRE BUG—YOU SET DE FIRE...



DE PO' BURNIN' VICTIM, OF YO' EVIL WAYS SITS HERE CALM BUT CONSUMED WIF INNER FIRES AWAITIN DE ARRIVAL OF DE FIRE DEPARTMENT AN—



AN—DE ARREST OF ONE POGO POSSUM DE PYROMANIAC—NOW, ON YOU' WAY, MA HIGH TALKIN FRIEND—FOTCH DE FIRE DEPARTMENT AN' SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

MA SAKES! AH IS IN DEEP TROUBLE AS A RESULT OF MA TERRIBLE TEMPER AN' UNPARALLELED BOXIN' ABILITIES.

HEY, BONIFACE, COME QUICK! DEY IS A BIG FIRE OVER DAT WAY.

YO' JEST IN TIME, POGO.

DE BONAFIDE BONIFIRE DEPT.
Boniface Beaver, P.E.P.

US PLAYIN' CHECKERS WIF COOKIES AN' DE TABLE CLOTH, BUT US BEEN EATIN' DE COOKIES TOO—US NEED A COUPLE OR THREE MO' CHECKERS

BUT—BUT—WIMMINS AND CHITTLINS IS PERISHIN' HAND OVER FEETS!

HMMPH—DASH WHUT DEY ALL SAY! US OUGHT TO FINISH OUR GAME—DISH DE LUNCH HOUR... GIT US SOME COOKIES LIKE A GOOD FELLER—'BOUT THREE.

FOUR BE BETTER

HOW CROOL! ALBERT OVER DERE WIF FIRE ROARIN' THROUGH HIS UPPER STORIES AN' YO' SIT HERE QUIBBLIN' AN' NIBBLIN'.

HEY! YOU IS BUSTIN' UP DE GAME!

DISH YERE PERTY GOOD—IS YO' GOT ANY MILK?

YASSUH, HERE—HOW BIG IS DISH YERE FIRE YO' TALKIN' 'BOUT?

AN' ME, TOO!

MM—WELL, AH CAINT SAY!
AIN'T NOBODY BEEN IN DE
INTERIOR... AH SPECT IT'S
'BOUT AS BIG AS DE
WHOLE INSIDE!



HMMM, LET'S SEE—A FIRE LIKE DAT COME
HIGH—WHOLE INSIDE ON FIRE... MM, 5⁴ A
FOOT SIDWAYS PLUS 3⁴ UP AN' DOWN—
DATS FIFTEEN PLUS TWO OR THIRTY-FIVE
MINUS NUFFIN—HMM...



AH GITS DE
'QUIPMENT
WARMED
UP

TO PUT OUT DAT FIRE
DE BILL WILL BE \$1.36.

WHAT!?! DAT'S
UNREASONABLE!



AH AIN'T GONE
'GIVE YO' DE
BUSINESS! AH'LL
LOOK UP ANOTHER
FIRE DEPARTMENT.

JEST A MINUTE—DEY
ISNT NO OTHER
FIRE DEPARTMENT.



WELL, YOU COME
OVER AN' ARGUE
WIF ALBERT HE
DE ONE WHUT'S
ON FIRE—NOT
ME.

ALBERT DRUTHER BURN
TO DEATH THAN PAY
\$1.36 BUT US'LL GO
ANYWAYS.



WELL, COME ON—HELP
PUSH DE APPARATUS...



BLINK
KLUNK

KLUNK
KIANK



HUMPH—AH B'LEEVE
DAT DRINK OF WATER
PUT OUT DE FIRE



SEEM TO ME US LEFT
A BIT OF UNFINISHED
BUSINESS OVER DISH
YERE WAY...



NAMELY—
DE LUNCH!



WOOP! YERE COME
ALBERT—HE LOOK LIKE
DE PROPRIETOR OF
DISH YERE BASKET

OH, A BISCUIT
IN DE BASKET,
AH WILL EAT AN
BUST A GASKET!

♪ TUM TUM TUM ♪



IF HE COTCH US
WE IS GONERS!

QUICK, HIDE IN THERE!
IT'S DE ONLY
CHANCE



WELL, DAWG MY
CATS! HERE DE OL'
LUNCH BASKET—
MM—MMM!

AHA! SOME CULPRITS BEEN CRUNCHIN' DE LUNCHEON!



AHLL TEND TO DAT RIGHT AFTER LUNCH.



HMMMPH!

DAT DE VOICE OF ONE OF DE CULPRITS— WHERE IS YO!?

YO' IS A FREE-VARICATOR! YO ISN'T IN DE BASKET—



HEY!

HELP! RIGHT CHERE! HELP!

AH KNOW...



COTCHED YOU

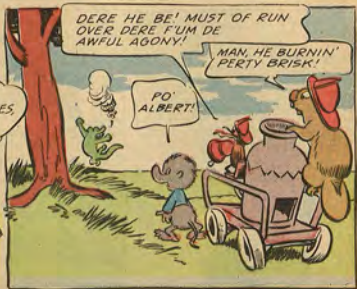


COME ON OUT AN' FACE DE MUSIC!

US CAINT'!

BALANG!
KLUNK KLUNK
WUNK BLOUNT
BLUMP





COME ON—US GOTTA RESCUE ALBERT!



NEVER FEAR, ALBERT! WE IS HERE TO GIVE YO' SUCCOR!

YO' START A FIRE IN DE PUMP, WEEVIL!



DOES YO' REALLY NEED DE AXE?

HESH UP—AH IS IN CHARGE YERE!



HERE, CHIEF BONIFACE, HERE, USE DISH YERE INSTEAD!

AH PUT DE OTHER END IN DE SWAMP



WHEN AH WIGGLES MA TAILBONE DAT IS DE SIGNAL FO' ENGINEER WEEVIL TO TURN ON DE WATER.

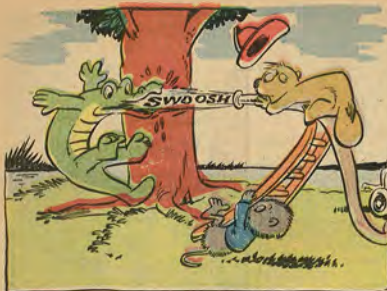
WOBUZZA MUMP?

WHUT'S GONE ON OUT DERE?



DAT'S DE SIGNAL AN' OL' REE-LIABLE WILLY DE WEEVIL IS AT DE CONTROLS!





SO! YOU IS DE TWO PARASITES WHUT BEEN HARBORIN' IN MA VITALS!

US SORRY, ALBERT—US JES' TAKE DE WRONG STAIRCASE

BING DING IT! NOT ONLY DOES AH GIT TO BE INHABITED BY DESE YERE BOYS, BUT AH GOTTA RESCUE DEM F'UM DE BRINY DEEP!

HURRY UP GENTS—A SPECTACLE DONE BUST LOOSE! DE FIRE ENGINE IS COTCH FIRE.



MAN! DISH YERE GOT DE CHOO-CAGO FIRE BEAT SIX WAYS

AH LIKES HOLOCAUSTS, CONFLAGARATIONS AN' FLAMIN' INFERNOS!

AH LIKE HOT CHOCOLATE

CHIEF BONIFACE NOT ONLY COMPLETELY FEARLESS, HE COMPLETELY USELESS.



US LOSE SIX OR SEVEN FIRE ENGINES A YEAR DISH WAY

UNCLE WIGGILY









D-D-DID YOU HEAR THAT?

Y-YOU'D B-BETTER ANSWER, DR. POSSUM.



IT'S ONLY M-ME-- DOCTOR P-P-POSSUM!



WHOOO ARE YOU COMING TO SEE?

I'M C-COMING TO SEE 'A.A.' WHOEVER HE IS.

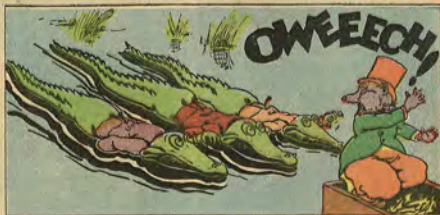


'A.A.' IS THE ANCIENT ALLIGATOR... THE GRANDDADDY OF THEM ALL.

O-OH! THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE... I'M GOING BACK.



WE CA-A-ANT GO BA-A-ACK! LOOK BEHIND YOU!



OWEEECH!



ROW, UNCLE BUTTER! WE'RE GAINING ON THEM.

BUT WE'RE GOING THE WRONG WA-A-A-AY.



LAND HO!



TEN BARN
IN A ROW!





Eeek!
BLAH!



AHEM! VERY ROUGH! UNDOUBTEDLY HE HAS SPASMODIC CONTRACTIONS OF THE ASOPHAGUS.

WHAT OF IT? I'M NOT GOING TO RISK ANOTHER LICKING LIKE THAT ONE.



WHAT MEDICINE ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE, DR. POSSUM?

EVERYTHING I'VE GOT!



EVEN THAT IS A SMALL DOSE FOR SUCH A MONSTER.



NOW WHAT CAN I DO? HE WON'T SWALLOW IT?

UMMMMM! LET ME SEE... I HAVE SOME CHERRY PIE IN MY POCKET.



JUST A TASTE, TO TEMPT HIS APPETITE!



HEG!
YAAAX!



THEY'RE GONE! AND I MIGHT HAVE GONE WITH THEM!



HERE'S HIS PLUMBING--JUST LIKE A SUBMARINE



LISTEN, DO YOU HEAR THAT TICKING.



CAREFUL, UNCLE WIGGILY! YOU DONT KNOW WHAT YOU MAY BE GETTING INTO.



HMMMMM! I THOUGHT SO! IT'S TICKING SLOWER AND SLOWER.



DO SOMETHING, DR. POSSUM! HIS BLOOD PRESSURE HAS HIT THE BOTTOM! HIS HEART'S GOING TO STOP--



HE'S GOING TO DIE! AND THAT MEANS WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE! DO SOMETHING!



A HEART STIMULANT! THAT'S WHAT WE NEED! TELL ME WHAT YOU'VE GOT --- QUICK.



ADRENALINE! THAT'S THE THING TO DEP UP A JAILING HEART.

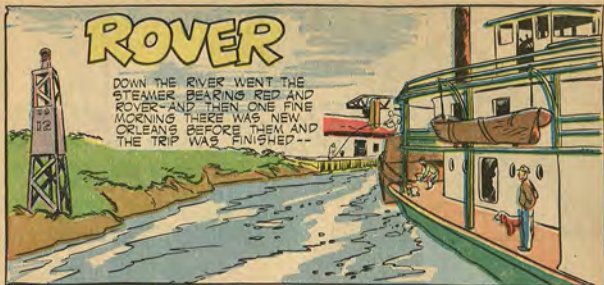






ROVER

DOWN THE RIVER WENT THE STEAMER BEARING RED AND ROVER- AND THEN ONE FINE MORNING THERE WAS NEW ORLEANS BEFORE THEM AND THE TRIP WAS FINISHED--



"NOW, RED!" SAID THE SKIPPER. "HERE WE ARE! I THINK YOU'D LIKE TO SIGN OVER-- WE'D SURE LIKE TO HAVE YOU AND ROVER--"

"THANKS, CAPTAIN-- BUT I GUESS WE'LL JUST BE PUSHING ON," ANSWERED RED-- "YOU SEE, WE'RE JUST-- WELL-- I GUESS ROVERS IS THE BEST WORD!"



"AND TEN MAKES IT THE FULL AMOUNT! THERE YOU ARE, RED-- AND GOOD LUCK!"

THEY WERE BORRY TO SEE RED AND ROVER LEAVE! THE LITTLE DOG AND THE YOUNG MAN HAD PROVED TRUE FRIENDS TO THE CAPTAIN AND HIS FAMILY!



BUT THE TWO WEREN'T WALKING LONG BEFORE THEY STOPPED TO WATCH A BUSY BOATYARD! THEN RED SAW IT!



"LOOK AT THAT, BOY!" HE TOLD ROVER! "NOW WE COULD FIX HER UP AND REALLY SEE SOME OF THIS OLD WORLD!"



"WE COULD PAINT HER AND RE-RIG HER SOME AND BOY WHAT FUN WE COULD HAVE!"



THEY WALKED OUT ALONG THE JETTY TO HAVE A BETTER LOOK AT THE LONG UNUSED SAILBOAT!



AND WERE JOINED A MOMENT LATER BY A NEWCOMER--A RAGAMUFFIN SORT OF BOY WITH A FISHPOLE AND--



A LITTLE PUP. "WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SON?" ASKED RED. "MY NAME'S MIKE--" MICHAEL REDMOND AND THIS HERE IS MY DOG, FEARLESS!"



"WELL, MIKE-YOU BETTER WATCH HOW YOU'RE SWINGING THAT FISH POLE--" BUT RED WAS TOO LATE! WITH A SPLASH MIKE FELL FROM THE JETTY!



FOR A MOMENT RED HESITATED--THEN HE NOTICED THE BOY WASN'T MOVING IN THE WATER--HE HAD STRUCK HIS HEAD ON THE SKIFF!



WITHOUT WAITING TO DISCARD ANYTHING BUT HIS JACKET, RED DROVE IN--WITH ROVER CLOSE BEHIND!



THE BOY'S FALL HAD BEEN SEEN IN THE BOATYARD AND AS RED SWAM TO THE FLOAT, HE COULD HEAR MEN RUNNING TO HELP!



"THERE YARE, BUB!" SAID A HEAVY-SET MAN LIFTING MIKE FROM RED'S ARMS: "THAT WAS QUICK WORK, STRANGER-- AND GOOD WORK TOO."



"MY DOG--RED BEGAN--WHEN SUDDENLY ROVER CAME IN SIGHT, HE WAS CARRYING FEARLESS WHO HAD FALLEN WITH HIS YOUNG MASTER!



"THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THE BOY!" THE DOCTOR FROM A CITY AMBULANCE TOLD THEM. "JUST A BUMP ON THE HEAD AND HE'S A LITTLE WET!"



"WELL THAT'S A RELIEF!" SAID THE HEAVY SET MAN. "WHAT'S WRONG? LOSE SOMETHING?" HE ASKED RED.



"LOST EVERYTHING I GUESS-- INCLUDING TWO MONTHS' PAY"-- "NOW THAT'S REALLY HARD LUCK!" ANSWERED THE MAN.



"TELL YOU WHAT-- I'LL GIVE YOU A JOB HERE IN MY YARD" AND SO RED WENT TO WORK-- AND ONE DAY MADE A DEAL FOR THE OLD SAILBOAT!



"HELLO THERE, MISTER," SAID A SMALL VOICE ONE MORNING. IT WAS MIKE WITH FEARLESS: "WELL, HELLO, YOURSELF," SAID RED-- "HOW'RE YOU FEELING?"



IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE RED AND MIKE WERE FAST FRIENDS. THE BOY LIKED AND ADMIRER HIS BIG NEW FRIEND AND WAS ALWAYS THERE-- HOLDING A BOLT OR A HAMMER-- HELPING!



AND WHEN RED WOULD WORK ON HIS OLD SAILBOAT THROUGH THE WEEKENDS MIKE WOULD INVARIABLY BE THERE WITH HIM.



HE TOOK GREAT DELIGHT IN RED'S COMING VOYAGE IN THE GULL, AS RED HAD NAMED HER, AND PUT IN LONG HOURS WITH RED PROVISIONING HER!



AND THEY WOULD TALK OF SAILING AND SAILORS IN THE SNUG LITTLE CABIN OF AN EVENING, AND ROVER AND FEARLESS WOULD REST FROM THEIR ROMPS!



THEN ONE DAY RED TURNED TO FIND MIKE STANDING IN A DOORWAY-- "RED," HE SAID, "CAN'T I GO ALONG TOO?"



BUT RED HAD TO TELL MIKE THAT HE COULDN'T TAKE HIM-- THOUGH THE BOY PLEADED-- RED KNEW HE COULDN'T SAY "YES".



AT LAST CAME THE EVENING BEFORE RED AND ROVER WERE TO LEAVE. MIKE HELPED WITH THE LAST OF THE BAGS!



"WELL, OLD-TIMER" SAID RED--"THIS IS SO LONG, I GUESS. WE'LL BE LEAVING EARLY IN THE MORNING." MIKE HARDLY ANSWERED. "S'LONG," HE SAID ---



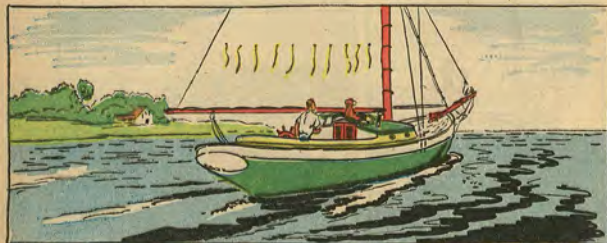
--AND STROLLED OFF UNCONCERNEDLY-- RED WAS A LITTLE SURPRISED! IT SEEMED HIS YOUNG FRIEND HAD JUST LOST INTEREST IN HIM.



"JUST AS WELL, I GUESS," RED TOLD HIMSELF. "BE A GOOD DEAL EASIER ON HIM THAT WAY."



IN THE STILL EARLY MORNING OF THE NEXT DAY, RED CAST OFF HIS LINES AND PUSHED THE GULL OUT INTO THE STREAM.



WITH THE MISSISSIPPI CHUCKLING UNDER HER STERN, THE GULL MOVED SLOWLY DOWN THE RIVER-- A LIGHT BREEZE PUSHING HER SAILS AND A MORNING SUN BEGINNING TO WARM THE AIR! RED AND ROVER WERE OFF!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING THE GULL DROPPED PILOTTOWN ASTERN AND MOVED GENTLY OUT TO SEA :



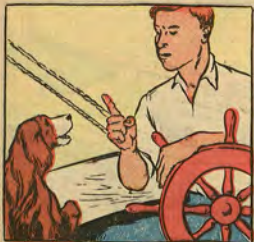
"- AND NOW BREAKFAST, ROVER" RED SAID AFTER HE HAD TRIMMED HIS SAILS AND TIED THE WHEEL TO THE COURSE ! "YUM-- BACON AND !"-



BUT RED HAD TO LEAVE HIS GALLEY FOR A MOMENT ! THE WIND WAS FRESHENING AND HE FELT OBLIGED TO FURL THE JIB ! IT TOOK HIM QUITE A FEW MINUTES.



AND WHEN HE WENT BELOW TO THE GALLEY AGAIN THE BACON WAS GONE !



"ROVER !" SAID RED STERNLY, "THAT'S ONE THING YOU MUST NEVER DO-- STEAL FOOD, PARTICULARLY RIGHT OFF THE STOVE!"



SO RED BREAKFASTED ON COFFEE AND BREAD AND ROVER WAS IN TEMPORARY DISGRACE !



SOMETIME AFTER LUNCH RED FELT THE NEED FOR A DRINK OF WATER -- AND GOING TO THE HATCHWAY ----



HE LIFTED THE WATER JUG OFF ITS HOOK-- IT SEEMED STRANGELY LIGHT! "NOW WHAT'S THIS?" SAID RED!



THE JUG WAS EMPTY! I COULD HAVE SWORN I FILLED THAT AFTER LUNCH, SAID RED ALOUD "THAT'S MIGHTY STRANGE--"



"AND I KNOW YOU COULDN'T TAKE THE CORK OUT, BOY, SO I WON'T BLAME YOU. OH WELL, COULD BE I FORGOT!"



BY LATE AFTERNOON THE GULL WAS HEAVING AND POUNDING INTO A FRESH, CHOPPY, SEA THAT GAVE AN ALMOST UNPLEASANT MOTION TO THE BOAT:



DOWN INTO A TROUGH THEY DROPPED-- AND CLIMBED UP ANOTHER WAVE-- AND THEN RED HEARD A STRANGE THING! SOMEONE WAS GROANING!



"ROVER," SAID RED, "DID YOU HEAR THAT? SOMEONE'S GROANING AND IT SOUNDS LIKE A HUMAN!"



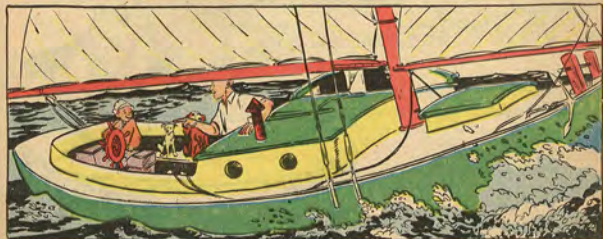
ROVER JUMPED DOWN INTO THE CABIN AND TROTTED TO THE LITTLE DOORWAY OF THE FORWARD HATCH.



"AHA!" SAID RED, CLOSE BEHIND HIM. RED WAS BEGINNING TO SEE LIGHT! "COME OUT OF THERE, YOU-- RIGHT NOW!"



"MIKE! WELL I'LL BE-- AND FEARLESS TOO! STOWAWAYS, EH!" MIKE BLINKED AS HE CRAWLED OUT INTO THE LIGHT!



SO MIKE AND FEARLESS JOINED THE CREW OF THE GULL-- AND AS RED LEFT MIKE AT THE WHEEL TO GO BELOW AND PREPARE SUPPER-- HE CHUCKLED TO HIMSELF-- HE COULDN'T WANT ANYONE ON BOARD MORE THAN MIKE AND FEARLESS AND HE THOUGHT HAPPILY OF THE PLEASANT DAYS AHEAD!



THE Pensive

*I sometimes pause while walking
To regard with utter glee--*



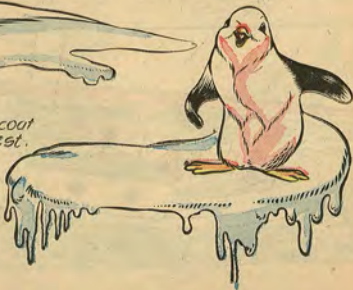
*The tidy way my coat fits
To the back and sides of me*



*And I must say quite modestly
I am the neatest dressed*



*For in addition to a coat
You see I have a vest.*





Penguin

*Oh I admire in the ice
My elegant reflection*



*And think how far superior
Is my snow white complexion*



*Nor have I got the habit
Of those other giddy things*



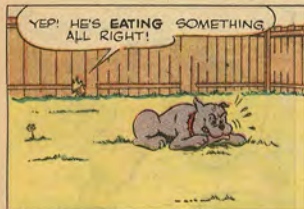
*Who're flying madly through the air
By beating with their wings*

Jigger

PLEASE, MOOCH!
THINK, WILL YA?
TRY TO THINK!

I'M TRYNA
THINK!













NOT 50 "Dumb Animals"



MR SCHULTZ'S PET SHOP WAS LOCATED IN A QUIET PART OF THE TOWN. NOTHING EXCITING EVER HAPPENED THERE UNTIL ONE EVENING--



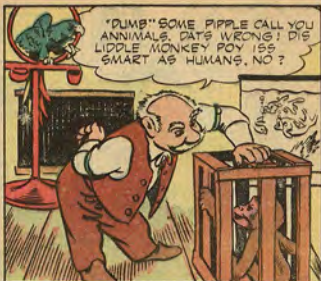
JA, HERE IT GIFFS, YONE-
DOO-DREE--





HMM--- PRETTY GOOD BUT
HOW ABOUT MY CHANGE ?





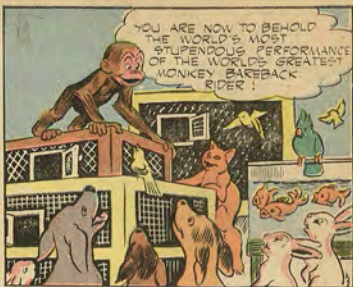




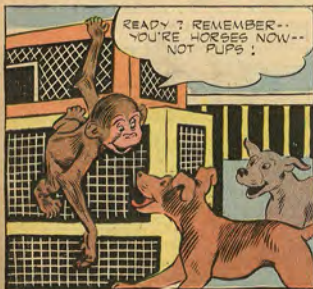
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
QUET PLEASE !



YOU ARE NOW TO BEHOLD
THE WORLD'S MOST
STUPENDOUS PERFORMANCE
OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST
MONKEY BAREBACK
RIDER !

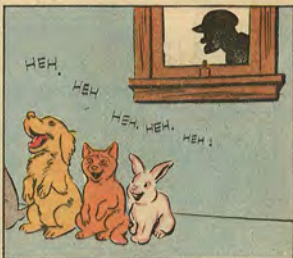


READY ? REMEMBER--
YOU'RE HORSES NOW--
NOT PUPS !



ALL RIGHT ! HERE
WE GO !

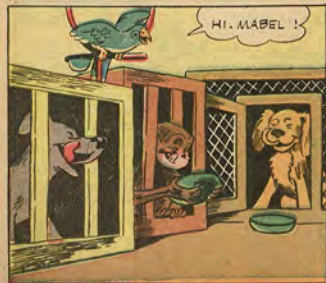
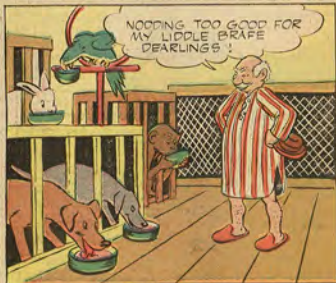












THE GIRAFFE WHO LOVED HATS

(Continued from inside front cover)

So all the animals agreed that it would take a lot of hard thinking in order to break Gilly of her unhappy habit.

"But we must think of a solution quickly," warned Mother Monkey. "We only have a week, you know."

So all during the next few days the animals racked their brains. All the customers at the zoo complained that the animals were not at all amusing, but just sat about in their cages all day long.

"You see?" said the zoo keeper to his assistant. "That giraffe even has the rest of the animals acting queer. It's high time we got rid of her, I say. She's ruining the morale of the whole zoo."

Finally there was just one day left before Gilly was to be sent away, and still the animals had reached no decision. They sat about and shook their heads in despair, for they knew now they were about to lose their friend. Suddenly a commotion broke loose among the baby monkeys, and the littlest one dashed over to his mother and whispered in her ear.

"Of course," she exclaimed, "why didn't we think of that?" And she hurried over to the Old Baboon and in turn whispered to him.

"Um-hum! I see what you mean. The vanity of woman, eh?" The Old Baboon nodded wisely. "It might work, at that. Won't hurt to try, anyway."

So it was, that presently one little monkey slipped into the zoo keeper's office and hurried out with a little straw basket on his arm. Then the birds gathered bright red berries from the bushes, and the peacock contributed a beautiful blue feather, while all the rest of the animals gathered as many flowers as they could find.

Mrs. Monkey took the handle off the basket and punched the bottom out, then filled the hole with the flowers and the berries. Next she made a wreath out of some more flowers, and placing it about the brim, she topped it all off with the peacock feather.

"It's as pretty a flowered bonnet as any that's come into the zoo," she said, proudly holding it up for the rest to see. "If Gilly

doesn't like this hat too well to eat it, I'll miss my guess."

And so all the animals paraded over to the fence, and the littlest monkey scrambled up Gilly's long neck and placed the hat atop her head. Gilly looked delighted and craned her neck in order to see herself in the polar bear's pool. The littlest monkey clambered down excitedly and cried, "She thinks it's wonderful! But suppose she wants to eat it!"

"Then you tell her she has the prettiest bonnet of the season. She'll be too proud of it to want to eat it."

And that's exactly what happened. Gilly became so vain that she got a crick in her neck from looking at her reflection so much. But the animals forgave her her vanity, for she was so pleased with her bonnet that she never again stole another one from a woman's head. Soon she became the biggest attraction at the zoo and earned the reputation of being the giraffe who wore a hat.



UNCLE WIGGILY

